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Personal essay

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Volunteering in my life

It is acknowledged that when you are a teenager you want to identify yourself and declare. You think that you can change the whole world. Different teenagers do different and sometimes weird things. Somebody dyes their hair pink color or gets piercings in all possible parts of body; others argue with parents, teachers and in the worst case run away from their family and home. Everyone does something that shouts: “Look at me! I’m adult enough to make my own decisions!” I was not an exception; like lots of teenagers, I wanted to do something unusual, and fortunately I did it but in a different way.

When I was a pupil at school, our teacher always made some announcements about helping kids, who were brought up in orphanage by donating our unnecessary clothes. I remember that I was late finish thought, and they finished collecting clothes to send it to orphanage. I was really upset about this and I collected all my shoes, t-shirts even those which I was wearing at that time and started my journey. Actually, that refuge for children without parents was right near my house. When I arrived at that orphanage, I was shocked. Kids were everywhere. Different ages, faces, nationalities. I could not describe the facial expressions of those boys and girls, but I exactly knew that they were completely different from the kids, who had a tradition family. They were worn in used clothes; hair of kids under 5 years were short, that is why girls were looking like boys; their faces always were dirty, because nobody of that orphanage’s stuff cared about where and with what kids were playing. One, the most remarkable thing was that they did not know how to show sympathy. When I tried to hug a boy he was really confused. I had a thought, that they had never be loved by adults. I still remember those little white baby faces with deep sadness in their eyes and their wrinkles, because of lack of nutrition and inadequate care.

After I observed, I left my clothes and went home. I was thinking and digesting all of what happened at that day. The next day I decided to went back to that place and be a little bit closer to those kids. I did not know about volunteering, about the meaning of this word, but I had a great willingness to do something, just try to change their faces and make them happy even for one minute. Moreover, this great experience working with the kids made me feel confident in working with people; I developed my own strategy to find a way to children’s hearts. I felt that I was doing right things, and that experience discovered a lot of positive feelings such as love, being patience and tolerant to somebody’s children. I had been working in that orphanage for two years. Every day I played, fed, went to walking and baby sat. It is so amazing feeling when you help 3 years old boy how to say simple words like “dog” and “cat” and when he does it you cheer him and he is so happy that he did it, because he never felt that he is really necessary to somebody. Children are like a clear sheet of paper and what you write in this paper it will be in their life book. They cannot lie; and they feel how you regard to them, sincerely or not. I think that every children must be loved, no matter if it is your born kid or it is somebody’s child, because without love they could become insensitive to love others adults.

Finally, I realized that I cannot change all of those poor children’s lives, but I know that I have tried to do my best. I respect those few people who patronage orphanages and donate clothes, food, medicines. Unfortunately, the majority of people in our society care just about themselves. Many times they forget that we are all people and we should help each other.

Who cares about kids who were left by their born mothers? Sometimes we do not care about our born children, and they even could drive us crazy with their bad behavior. Some parents can smack their naughty child for inappropriate behavior. What we can expect from orphanage workers? Do all of them have a great sense of patience? I’m afraid that answer will be “No”. The hardest question is why? Why we act in this way? We were all kids, and most of us from families with mom and dad that gave us love and care, so let’s share that kindness and warmness with others, who do not have parents, older sisters or brothers.